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Our Homes.

We have been requested to publish the following essay, which was read before the Mt. Olive Grange, No. 1133, in Casey county, by Mrs. P. J. Homphrey:

The subject which I have selected for an essay, this evening, is "Our Homes." What is there on earth more delightful to contemplate than a quiet, peaceful, well ordered home? What subject can be of more importance to us than the way in which to render "our homes" happy? Having taken this view of the subject, I will endeavor to show what I think is required of each member of the family, in order to render "our homes" happy. In the first place, a few words to the ladies, who are wives and housekeepers, for I think all will agree with me that on them devolves the main task of making "our homes" happy. The main point toward the accomplishment of this object, is to cultivate a disposition of cheerfulness and contentment. Let us endeavor, amid the trials and vexations attending the daily routine of housekeeping, always to look on the bright side of the picture and the best of everything. What can be more disheartening to a man than, after a hard day's toil in the field, to come home at night and find his wife with a frown on her face, grumbling and finding fault with everything and everything around her? Then, if we cannot have things exactly as we would wish to have them, let us make the best of what we do have, and with resources at our command, make "our homes" as bright and pleasant as possible. Remember the old saying, "Where there is a will there is a way."

Let us try to always have "our homes" neat and clean, and a place for everything, and everything in its place. There are many things that we could do, with the proper industry and economy, that would make home happy. Let us try to do everything in our power, to make home what it should be. Let us, by all means, have flowers in abundance. Flowers cost nothing but a little time and trouble, and this they repay a hundred fold by the pleasure they give us. I do not believe there is a woman on earth, old or young, who does not love flowers, and who is not made happier by having a yard well stocked with flowers to look at and to work with.

Above all things, let us try to find some time for reading and improving our minds, in order that we may be able to converse with our husbands and children, and not sink down to the most pitiful of all objects, "a mere household drudge." We should also strive to make home a happy place to our children, whom God has entrusted to our care; let us talk to them and encourage them in their plans, and sympathize with them in their troubles. I do not believe in indulging children to excess, but I do believe that it is the duty of parents to render them as happy as possible.

Let us, then, in view of the great responsibilities resting on us, try to discharge our duties faithfully, and if ever we are tempted to murmur or complain, let us think of some one who is worse off than we are. Husbands and fathers of families can also do much in making the happiness of home. A man should talk to his wife and make a companion and an equal of her; if you are in trouble, tell your wife about it; nowhere will you find a more willing listener and earnest sympathizer; but on the other hand, if you are prospering in the world, make her heart glad by telling her about it. Do not wear a long face and talk of hard times at home, although you may, at times, think and feel that the burden of supporting and caring for your family is almost more than you can bear, yet your wife has trials equally as great, even at times while at least. When you see she is making every effort to do her part faithfully, and make your home all that a home should be, bestow a word of praise upon her, for a woman never gets so old that she does not love to be praised. It is a mere fact that farmers' wives, more than any other class of women, look old and care-worn beyond their years. I sincerely believe more of this is due from lack of appreciation and sympathy than over work. Never let it be said that you are a drawback to your wife, but aid her in every plan of improvement of home that does not lead to extravagance. If your wife is ambitious to have a good garden, provide a good garden spot, aid her in cultivating it, even though you have to leave off a few hills of corn or tobacco, it will pay you in the end. Never make a horse or calf pasture of your yard, but pasture in a more convenient place, and give your wife a chance to cultivate flowers, if she wishes them; although you may not care for them yourself, do not deny her that pleasure, for heaven knows her pleasures are few enough. It has often been said that the mother

has more to do with forming the character than the father; but I am inclined to doubt this. Where will you find a child, especially a boy, who does not think whatever papa does is all right. Then how important it is that you set a good example before your children.

Young ladies, you have a very important part to perform toward rendering home bright and pleasant. You can, by being kind, in a great measure, lift from the shoulders of your mothers the burdens which they have borne so long and faithfully. Girls, you must try to make yourselves useful at home and in the grange. If I understand our order aright, its main principle is to dignify labor. It is the first time we ever had a chance to show what we could do. I know we cannot do as well as the more experienced ones of the Grange, but I know we can do something if we will but try.

In conclusion, let each and every one strive to perform, faithfully and cheerfully, whatever station, high or low, we may fill. Thus will our homes be rendered quiet, peaceful and happy; a type of that home in heaven which we all, one day, hope to attain.

Kentucky Horses.

Every Kentuckian has had a good excuse this week for throwing his hat in the air, besides the fact that the time has come for every man to buy a new one. Next to his pretty sisters, and beyond the peerless extract of Bourbon, the brave of the Blue Grass holds the speed of Kentucky horses highest among sublimity things. On Wednesday a Kentucky horse, bred on Kentucky soil, and owned by a Kentuckian, made on a Kentucky track the best four-mile time on record, and had a full three seconds to spare. Not only this, but a Kentucky trotter on the same day carried off one of the great Centennial prizes, two other Kentucky horses coming after him in two and three order. Therefore any extravagance of feeling since displayed by the stalwart sons of Old Kentucky, whether at home or abroad, is in the natural order of things, and to be commended. The scene that followed Tom Brown's triumph on the Louisville course, on Wednesday, recalled to old stagers the memorable contest in the same vicinity a score and a half years ago, when Gray Eagle was matched against Wagner, and all Kentucky turned out to see. Men were suddenly beggared or enriched by the result, and it passed into Kentucky's history like the glory of the legs of Cæsar into the annals of Elea.

Something Wrong.

The Detroit Free Press relates that a man, a schel, an umbrella, and a great deal of puffing entered the Central depot yesterday afternoon and asked if the Saginaw train had departed.

"Just out of sight," was the reply of an official.

"Didn't they know I was coming in?" inquired the stranger.

"I guess not; didn't hear any one say anything about it."

"That's strange," mused the traveler. "I live out here nine miles, and yesterday I sent in word by one of the square men in our town that I'd come in here this morning and go out on the Saginaw train. I'm here to the minute but where's the train?"

"Gone, as I told you before," replied the official.

"Something wrong here, something wrong," said the man, shaking his head. "If your train can't connect with a man after he's walked nine miles, it goes to show bad management. I think I'll see some lawyer about it."

A NEW APPEARANCE.—Considerable interest has been aroused in New York over a fish called the pompano, which has recently made its appearance in American waters. Two years ago it sold at \$2 per pound in the market. Pompanoes have been caught in large quantities in Virginia waters, and seines being used to secure them. A few have been caught by Maryland fishermen. The pompano is a summer fish, appearing only from June 15 to September 15, and disappearing at the approach of cold weather. It is caught in deep water, and is said to be the companion of sharks. The average weight of it is one and one-half pounds. It is surmised by fishermen that they will become as plentiful as Spanish mackerel.

It is apt to shake a man's confidence in his wife to awake in the early morning and find her sitting on the edge of the bed going through his pockets. And it is apt to shake a woman's confidence in her husband to find nothing in those pockets but a large beer check, a piece of bologna sausage, a variety show ticket, and a perfumed note signed "Ever yours, Julia."

The Maiden Vote.

There will go to the ballot boxes on the 7th of next month a great body of young men who will cast their maiden votes. It is a generation of voters who have reached maturity ten years after the civil war. When in 1861 the shot fired at Sumter was the signal for the mustering of the hostile forces, these now first voters were but six years old, and when the contest ended, they were only ten years old. Therefore the remembrance of the events, which to us who passed through the period long after our beards were grown, is fresh and clear, to them is misty and almost a thing of written history only. They have learned at school of the victories and defeats which alternately cheered and depressed us, and the war is to them simply a childish memory of armed men marching away with banners and with music. They lost the education of that great conflict, which is one of the treasures of those who lived through it and shared in it as grown men. But perhaps better than we, they can contemplate it in perspective, and view the war with no other than the prejudices which the opinions of their elders may have created in them.

These fresh voters can decide this election. It becomes them, therefore, to thoughtfully consider how they shall cast their ballots, and to earnestly and studiously inform themselves as to the issues of the campaign. They will find many of the current discussions valuable as mental as well as general political training. If they study these carefully, we have little fear that their votes will be given to the wrong side. Let them take heed to so cast their ballots as to assist us in preserving the republic, that when we shall have passed away, they may receive intact the inheritance which selfish partisan zeal would impair or destroy, and which corruption and profligacy have already imperiled. We commend these thoughts to all those young men who, on the 7th of next month, will cast their first ballots, a most important event in their lives.—[New York Sun.]

Sitting on a Porcupine.

Yesterday morning, a traveler by one of the railroad trains, brought to the city, a porcupine of large size, caged in a roomy box, with pieces of board placed across the top at intervals of about an inch and a half, in order that the animal might have as much air as possible. His owner set the box down near the ticket office while attending to some other matters, and it attracted little attention. By and by a young man, who had got tired of standing up, seeing what appeared to be an empty box, deposited himself upon it with a sigh of relief.

A bystander who understood the "situation," stepped up quietly, and, with his cane, began punching the porcupine. It was but a few seconds before the animal became "fretful," as it were, and then got his "back up."

The reader may at some time have admired the alacrity with which an individual has arisen from a chair out of a deference to a bent pin which had somehow got there before him, but on this occasion the man shot up as though he had sat down upon a full paper of bent pins, and all hot at that.

Trying to Import Information.

Nothing places Mack so much as to get a chance to impart information, and, as I give him as few opportunities possible to practice on me, he is always glad to scrape an acquaintance with strangers. He accosted a gentleman who was standing near the main building, apparently waiting for some body.

Mack. "Fine day, sir."

This being a plausible statement, the stranger nodded.

Mack. "This is, I guess, the finest exhibition of the world I ever seen."

Stranger. "So I understand, sir."

Mack. "Yes, sir; that main building itself cost—"

Just then another gentleman approached Mack's stranger, saying: "Ah! Gen. Hawley, could I see you for a moment?" "Certainly," replied the General, and, turning to Mack as he walked away, said: "I may see you again and get the exact figures."

"Thunder and lightning!" whispered Mack hoarsely, as he leaned against me for support. "That's the high-munchey-munch, that ruins the Exposition"—[Centennial Correspondence Detroit Free Press.]

SEVERAL persons at Connecticut Farms, Union county, N. J., were poisoned on Monday, eating toadstools, having mistaken them for mushrooms. Miss Emma Baker, of East Orange, died yesterday, and two others are dangerously ill.

Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this needs no argument.—[Yonkers Gazette.]

Republican Brag.

The Republicans have commenced a game of brag over the approaching election. Let us see what basis they have for their boasting. In 1872 the Republicans carried Alabama, now they have lost it, and in ten electoral votes will be cast for Tilden and Hendricks. In 1872 Arkansas was Republican, casting its vote for Grant. They have now lost that State, and its six electoral votes will be cast for the St. Louis ticket. The State of Connecticut was Republican four years ago, both at the State and Presidential elections. The Republicans have now lost that State with its six electoral votes. Oregon with its three votes was, four years ago, Republican, now it is Democratic. Here are four States in which the early elections have been held, which were formerly Republican and which now repudiate that party. The only other two States which have held elections are the old-established Republican States of Maine and Vermont. These the Republicans have, with desperate efforts, contrived to save, and on this it is that they bear their bragging. Elections have been held in six States, every one of which was Republican four years ago, and which together cast thirty-seven electoral votes for Grant. The Republicans have saved two States with twelve votes and lost four States with twenty-five electoral votes. This sort of brag is very much like boys whistling when passing the grave-yard.—[N. Y. World.]

Weighing a Hole.

Mr. —, of a certain town in Vermont, is not distinguished for liberality, either purse or opinion. His ruling passion is a fear of being cheated. The loss, whether real or fancied, of a few cents, would give him more pain than the destruction of an entire navy. He once bought a large cake of tallow at a country store at ten cents a pound. On breaking it to pieces at home it was found to contain a large cavity. This he considered a terrible disclosure of cupidity and fraud. He drove furiously back to the store, entering in great excitement, bearing the cake of tallow, exclaiming vehemently:

"Here, you rascal, you have cheated me! Do you call that an honest cake of tallow? It is hollow, and there ain't near so much as there appeared to be. I want you to make it right."

"Certainly," replied the merchant, "I'll make it right. I didn't know the cake was hollow. You ten paid cents a pound. Now, Mr. —, how much do you suppose the hole will weigh?"

Management of Horses.

Feed liberally, work steadily, and clean thoroughly, is my motto in the management of horses. My great motto is to have the horse rubbed dry and clean before leaving him for the night. Where horses are worked six days in the week, thorough grooming is absolutely essential to their health. The more highly they are fed the more important it is to clean them. Most men use the curry-comb too much and the whisk and brush too little. I do not myself insist upon it, but I believe it would pay always to take the whole harness from the horse when put in the stable at noon, and rub them dry, afterwards thoroughly drying them with a cloth. I question if one farmer in a hundred duly appreciates how much he loses from having poor horses, and in a condition to do a maximum day's work.

A Fiend Who Was Hard Up.

The Greenup Independent tells a story of a man in that community which would indicate a species of barbarity that should not be tolerated in any place. Giving an account of the burial of an old man, a citizen of the county, the paper says: "But hardly had the crowd dispersed and left alone the last resting place of old age, when a son of the deceased appeared on the ground, armed with a shovel and mattock, and at once set to work opening the grave. He got down to the coffin, opened it, and then stripped his dead father of his new clothes, again shut the coffin, filled in the earth and left, dressed in his father's funeral clothes. Though positively informed of the truthfulness of this feat, we would hardly believe it, were it not stated as a fact. The son of the deceased still wears the same suit, and even brags on doing so."

While Mr. Ludwig was driving his trotting stallion, Black Shark, home from the races, a barking dog made the beast run away. Mr. Ludwig was thrown out. The horse jumped over a stone wall into a field, where there was an apple-tree with two limbs in the shape of the letter V. Into this crotch the horse leaped, and was held as though screwed in a vice. To release him, Mr. Ludwig sawed off a limb of the tree.—[Pottsville (Pa.) Ledger.]

The Great Question of All.

After all, the greatest question to be settled in the approaching election of President and Vice-President, is whether or not the self-government of the people can be maintained in the United States.

If, in spite of all revelations of the corruption and incompetency which characterize the Republican party and its leaders; if, in spite of Belknap's bribe taking, Robeson's robbery, Fish's dishonorable complicity with Spain, Grant's and Babcock's relations with fraudulent distillers, and all the rest of that long and terrible catalogue of crime and misgovernment, the Republican party can still carry this election, the fact will prove that the office-holding machine is too strong for the people, and that the party in power can never be turned out by the regular method of an honest election.

In comparison with this question, all the other questions on which men are to vote on the first Tuesday of November are of inferior moment.

The Nile.

The Nile is believed to be the longest river in the world. It drains a basin which, south of Egypt, is equal to the support of 100,000,000 of people from its capacities in the production of cotton, rice, sugar, Indian corn, elephants and cattle, to say nothing of the splendid and abounding fisheries in the main river and its tributary lakes and streams. The Egyptian Nile, with its amazing monuments of the oldest civilization of the human family, is next to the Euphrates, the oldest of the great rivers of history, while beyond Egypt, still in its primitive barbarism, newly disclosed to the outside world, the Nile is the newest of all the great rivers of earth; and in the peculiarities of its basin, its source, its climate, its savage tribes, its ancient monuments, its fruitful valleys and howling deserts; in its constant equatorial streams, and in its annual Egyptian inundation from Abyssinia, it is the most wonderful river of them all.

Computing Interest.

Here is a rule for computing interest. It is so simple and so true that every banker, merchant or clerk should put it up for reference. By no other arithmetical process can the desired information be obtained by so few figures:

Six per cent.—Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right-hand figure and divide by six; the result is the true interest, on each number of days, at six per cent.

Eight per cent.—Multiply any given amount by the number of days on which it is desired to ascertain the interest and divide by forty-five, and the result will be true interest for the time required.

Ten per cent.—Multiply the same as above and divide by thirty-six, and the result will show the interest at ten per cent.

A Rare Sight.

A preacher is accredited with having gotten off something novel in a Maryland county pulpit, lately, which came near, however, involving him in trouble. To draw a full house he had it rumored far and wide, upon a certain Sunday evening he would show his congregation something they had never seen before and would never see again. Curiosity according led many out who had not looked upon the interior of a church for many days. After the large audience was seated, the minister arose, and drawing a peanut from his pocket, held it up so that all could see it. "That," began he, "you never saw before, and then, breaking the shell, he tossed the kernel into his mouth, blandly remarking, "and you'll never see it again." The congregation was justly indignant, and it was hinted that if he did not shortly leave town he would be treated to a "pelt" with stale hen fruit.

Rapid Development.

On the 28th of April, 1876, Deadwood City was laid out and lots became subject to location. Since that time, phoenix like, our city has sprung into existence, and with a degree of certainty can we look upon her as a city to be proud of to-day, and one can rest assured of as being not only to-day, but for years to come, the metropolis of Lawrence county, organized or unorganized. To-day the value of the improvements already made in our city will foot up not less than \$50,000, not saying a word regarding the lots themselves, which cost in the first place the small sum of \$2.50 each. Taking the price paid for past-improved lots sold in the past few days, we are of the opinion that the actual cash value of the real estate of Deadwood City will exceed \$100,000, and the city is yet an infant, being just three months old.—[Black Hill Pioneer.]

Tilden's Savings.

The taxes this year, less the taxes for school and debt requirements, are eight hundred thousand dollars less than they were under Governor Morgan in 1860. And this notwithstanding the fact that in 1860 the business of the country was on a gold basis, while now we are suffering all the evils of a redundant paper currency. Reduce the taxes of to-day to gold, and the savings will be seen to have been about one-half. Make the computation per capita, and the saving would be found to be much greater.

That is what Samuel J. Tilden has done for New York. That is what he will do for the nation. His work in this State will be continued by Lucius Robinson, whose Democratic financial doctrines and policy were odious to Morgan when he was Governor, and have been rejected by the Republican party. They will now be made the head of the corner in both State and Nation.—[Albany Argus.]

A MAN was sawing wood yesterday afternoon in a backyard. He terved two sticks as thick as your wrist, and then went into the house.

"Mary," said he to his wife, "my country needs me; there's no use talking, we just got to slaughter all these Injuns; no true patriot can be expected to hang around a wood pile these days."

"John," said his wife, "if you fight Injuns as well as you saw wood and support your family, it would take one hundred and eighteen like you to capture one squaw, and then you'd have to catch her when she had the ague, and throw pepper in her eyes."

John went back to the wood pile, wondering who told his wife all about him.

A few days ago a stranger, at one of our hotels, asked for a napkin at dinner. The landlord refused to give one. "But," said the guest, "that man at the other table has one."

"That man is a regular boarder, and has just got back from the Centennial, and I have to pander to him for a day or so; but it won't be long before he will be wiping his mouth on the table-cloth and cleaning his nails with a fork, like the rest of the gentlemen. No, stranger, we don't allow any style here as a regular thing, but we can't help ourselves sometimes."—[San Antonio Herald.]

A negro named Reuben Harris capped the climax of thieving on Saturday, by stealing the ring off a friend's hand while shaking hands with him. The friend, whose name was C. H. Poindexter, discovered the loss of the ring shortly afterwards, and traced it to the possession of a young man up town, to whom it had been sold by Harris. The thief was thereupon arrested, and, after trial, sentenced to receive thirty lashes, which were forthwith administered.—[Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.]

The term "bloody shirt," probably grew from an incident in Scottish history, after the battle of Glenfruin between the McGregors and some other Scottish clan, in which the former had been victorious. The defeated parties in order to impress King James VI upon the savage nature of the McGregors clan, mounted the widows of eleven score of the slain on palfrays and sent them to Sterling Castle, each bearing her husband's bloody shirt upon a spear.

A FARMER states that he planted five rows of corn with seed taken from three inches below the top of the ear, rejecting the imperfect grains at the extreme point; then five rows taken from the middle and base of the ear, rejecting the imperfect grains at the butt. The result is that the five rows planted from the middle and butt of the ear, ripened about two weeks and a half before the other rows, the corn of the former being better cared and filled to the end of the cob.

When a dog barks at night in Japan, the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed. The dog gets off easier, being simply killed. Our enlightened country has still many things to learn from that more favored but less civilized people.

Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:

SAMUEL J. TILDEN,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT:

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.

FOR CONGRESS, NEW DISTRICT:

M. J. DURHAM,
OF BOYLE COUNTY.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Somerset.

PULASKI Co., Ky., Oct. 17, '76.

Since the reception of the glorious news from Indiana, West Virginia and Ohio, Somerset has been ablaze with enthusiasm. Everybody is jubilant and confident, except a few crest-fallen radicals, who, like the boy in the graveyard, have to whistle nightily loud to keep up any spirits at all. On the night that the election news was received, the Tilden and Hendricks club got up in a most incredible short space of time, one of the best and most telling demonstrations of the campaign. Blue jeans was stacked on the street in the form of a pyramid and handsomely illuminated with lanterns and fancy lights, guns were fired, bonfires were burned, the band played cheering music, and the Democratic heart went wild with enthusiasm. Judge Durham happened to be in town, was loudly called for, and on being introduced by Col. McKee Fox in one of his happiest veins, came forward and made a most effective and excellent speech, which was received with round after round of applause. The glorification was kept up until a late hour and was entirely free from any ardor produced by ardent spirits, and the whole thing passed off in a most commendable manner, to the participants.

With a praiseworthy spirit of enterprise, Mr. W. C. Owens, the genial editor of the *Reporter*, issued, on Sunday last, a neat little *Extra*, giving the latest telegraph election news and many telling points in the Congressional race between Durham and the "Young Eagle." The contents of the *Extra* and its handsome typographical appearance were most creditable to Mr. Owens and his office, and he deserves the hearty thanks of every Democrat in the county for his zealous work. The *Republican* feeling sore indeed over the elections, made a puny effort to offset the *Reporter*, by issuing, on Monday, what it called an *Extra*, but which, in reality, was nothing more than some badly taken proof of its this week's issue. These were gratuitously distributed among the people for the purpose of duping the uninformed, but the majority of the people, thank God, saw through the thin document and gave it the cold shoulder. We will add that if the getters up of the *Republican Extra* are so far gone, morally, as not to be ashamed of its miserable perversion of the truth, they should have some pride at least for the "art preservative of arts," and give its *Extras* in some degree, a semblance of typographical decency.

By far the largest crowd that ever filled the spacious new Circuit Court rooms assembled, on Monday last, to hear the speeches of the Congressional aspirants. Judge Durham, our gallant candidate, led off in a comprehensive and conclusive address, meeting fully and in a manly way, all of the issues of the day, and explaining in a most satisfactory manner, some of the doubtful acts of his record. During and at the conclusion of his speech, Judge Durham was warmly applauded, his effort exceeding even the most sanguine expectations of his friends. Mr. Bradley, on the other hand, went through his usual airing of the Judge's record, which even he (Bradley) ought, by this time, to be tired of. He made no new points, dodged as customary, the most important issues, was for Bradley first, last and all the time, and wound up with a powerful (?) personal appeal to the citizens of Pulaski to vote for him, giving as the most salient reason the fact that he first saw the light in this county, and used to run around here barefooted. We scarcely think his humble petition will avail him much, for the Pulaskians, as a rule, are too much in love with Durham, to swap him for the "Mountain Bull," as Bradley sees fit to term himself. (no where else) to term himself. It was a sad sight to observe, but the hired applause that Bradley received came from the negro portion of the audience, weakly joined in by a few ignorant whites. In his fifteen minutes reply, Judge Durham warmed up to the work, asserted that Bradley had been a Democrat; in fact had been every point of the political compass; had openly avowed in a campaign some years since, his opposition to admitting negro testimony in court, and had, on the election of the candidate, opposing negro testimony, proceeded to Danville to congratulate him, and among other things, asserted that if he thought a drop of abolition blood tinged in his veins, he would pierce the skin and let it out. The negro element looked blank when

the Judge proceeded to read the affidavits of six honorable Garrard county gentlemen to confirm the latter assertion, and began to think that their little giant was nothing more than a pitiful dwarf, after all. When the Judge had concluded amid deafening applause, the audience commenced to disperse, but by dint of eloquent persuasion, enough were induced to remain to see Bradley froth and foam his fifteen minutes, when all left the court-house, believing, by a large majority, that Durham is the man, now and always. To a looker on, in Venice, it was plainly evident that the Democrats composed the intelligent portion of the assembly, and that railroad negroes, some office holding whites, and a few illiterate specimens of the "dear people" were the main stay of the Radicals. God grant that even these few may see the error of their way and seek the food by the 7th of November, and that Pulaski will give such a set back to Radicalism on that day, that it will never dare rear its head again in the county. From all we can see and hear, the Democrats are sure of victory, and will leave no stone unturned that will aid them in an honorable accomplishment of that victory.

We understand that the Radicals are banking heavily on the increased vote they will receive from the itinerant railroad negroes, but steps are being taken by the Tilden and Hendricks Club, to ascertain who are legally entitled to vote, and let them and no others vote.

The Radicals had a sickly sort of a demonstration, on Monday night, but what in the nation they were demonstrating for, the good Lord only knows, unless they see the utter hopelessness of their cause, and wish to join in with the offers of mercy, before it is everlastingly too late.

A gentleman, just from Minnesota, and by the way a Republican, says that he took pains on every train and boat, that he boarded, to get a vote of the passengers on the Presidential ticket, and found that at least three to one were for Tilden, Hendricks and Reform. This may be said to be a pretty stout straw in showing how the political breeze is blowing.

The continued cold snap, of the last week or two, reached its climax on Monday morning, when the heavy frost gave the earth the appearance of having received quite a respectable snow, and ice was abundant half an inch thick. Some of the farmers, residing on Wolf creek, in this county, tell us that they are pleased to have the cold weather, as it will kill out the grasshoppers that are so very numerous, that they have been afraid, as yet, to sow their wheat. If the present cold spell is indicative of the coming winter, and the many other signs hold good, we would advise our friends to lay in an additional amount of coal and wood, for we are going to have a hard winter.

We cannot close without a mention of our old friend and patron, G. H. Ensel. He is doing the best business of the season, and when we looked into his crowded store room, (crowded with goods and customers), we knew that his high estimate of the value of printers' ink, had not been reckoned in vain. Long may he live.

W. P. W.

NAPOLEON butchered thousands of people and destroyed cities, and the world regards him as the greatest military chieftain of any age or country. John Smith kills only one man in New York and is hanged for it, being branded as a murderer. One man fires a single building which is destroyed, and he is sent to the State prison for five years, and branded as an incendiary. Belknap, Secretary of War, receives bribes from Post Traders, is indicted and impeached, and forfeits his office. Grant, who is greater and higher than he, receives princely gifts in money, houses, lands, horses, carriages, &c., and appoints the donors to high offices of profit in return and yet he is looked upon as the greatest warrior and statesman of modern times—greater and better than Washington, the father of our country. Who is the greater criminal of the two? In Belknap's case they call his gifts bribes, but in Grant's case they are called presents. Judge Black spoke a solemn truth when he said in his argument in defense of Belknap, that he, Belknap, was "no more guilty than Grant and the rest of them."

They are all alike, yet what Radicals would now support Belknap for any office? None whatever. How many of them would fail to vote for Grant, even for President? Not one. That's the way they would reform things, and Grant would have received a larger popular vote for President than Hayes will, had he been nominated.

We receive every month a copy of that excellent literary and educational monthly, Home and School, published by John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, at \$1.50 per year. Its original and selected matter, and its illustrations are second to no other magazine of the kind. Every family in the State should subscribe for it, as its contents serve as an educator to young, and old alike.

It is to be hoped that the running of Beas Butler and E. R. Hoar for Congress from the Essex (Mass) district, both Radicals, will result in the election of a Democrat. At any rate, we don't want Butler there to disgrace the American Congress.

THE Radicals boasted and crowed loud and long over their prospects in Indiana and West Virginia, and claimed, prior to the election, that they would carry Ohio by 25,000 majority. After the election, their crests fell, when the news came that Indiana was Democratic by 5,700, and West Virginia by 12,000. Ohio, instead of going Radical by 25,000, gave only the small amount of 6,000. How have the mighty fallen! In Indiana, several of our Congressmen were elected by 8,000 to 9,000. This doubtless secures the State for Tilden by at least 25,000 majority. While we have lost a few Congressmen, in Ohio and Indiana, though local matters, we will gain more than we lose, by sending members from several of the Southern States, which were Radical before. There is but little doubt that our majority, in the Lower House, will be as great or greater than it was at the last session. The Radicals claimed to have captured the Indiana legislature, entire, but our best information is that we will have a majority of two on joint ballot. We have a fair showing to carry the Essex District, in Massachusetts, and thus cut out beast Butler. Even his own party leaders repudiate him. On the whole, the outlook is cheerful and inspiring, and Democrats everywhere have but to do their duty in order to give the opposition a Waterloo defeat.

It has been announced through bills, that General Frank Wolford, of Casey, and John D. Fogle, Esq., of Marion, will address the people of the Ninth District, at various points. We are glad to know the fact, for Col. Tom Turner, of Mt. Sterling, has been and still is, making a gallant fight, and if possible to reclaim that District once more from the hands of those who have not, nor will be, an honor to the State should Boyd defeat him. The Ninth is one of our adjoining districts, and we feel deeply the necessity of a change. Should Col. Turner be elected, he will not only be an honor to the Ninth, but to the whole people of the State and nation regardless of politics. We urge it upon the Democracy of that district, to organize in every precinct in each county. In union, there is strength. Go to work at once. There is no time or need for delay. Every voter should go to the polls, on election day, and vote. Let nothing hinder you if possible. The struggle will be a close one, and you have not a vote to lose. Go to hear the old war horse, Wolford, who led many of you gallantly in the late war. Buckle on your armor and tell your neighbors that this is a political fight for free government and Reform. All of us desire to get those away from the public treasury, who have plundered it for years, and place men in the Presidential and Vice Presidential chairs, and in Congress who will act only for the public good.

This Centennial year is a fit time to begin good and great deeds which will give a lasting benefit to the whole country. One of the most important movements on foot is the steps taken to place Washington and Lee University of Virginia on a better financial basis, and render it an Institution second to none in the world. We see from the *Courier-Journal* that a meeting of distinguished men, regardless of political faith, was held in Philadelphia this week to confer upon the subject, and the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, a Republican paper, speaking of the meeting, says that when such men as those who signed the call, and who have their hearts united, meet to perfect plans for any purpose, there can be no such thing as failure. This great Institution of learning was endowed and fostered by Washington and other patriots of the Revolution, and it is therefore a National school of learning and should be sustained by the people of all parts of our common country. Situated as it is, in the loveliest valley of Virginia, within easy and quick reach by students from all the States, with a first class endowment, there can be no reason why Washington and Lee University should not become the first College in the Union.

We have heard that the people of Western Missouri, who know the James boys, were not disposed to censure them for their deviltry there, because their father, mother and other close kin had been badly treated by ruffians. We care not how they were treated, it did not justify them in raiding on banks and railroad trains, and kill the officers and employees of the banks and trains and rob them and innocent passengers of their money and other valuables. All such sympathy is sentimental gush. They deserve the halter, if ever any murderers did, and we hope to see them suffer for their heinous crimes.

STATISTICS show that at the close of the war the public debt was two billions, six hundred millions. Since then the government officials have collected twice this sum, and yet there has been the sum of only six hundred millions paid on the debt. Where did the other three billions, four hundred millions go to? Somebody has been stealing by wholesale. We take our figures from the *Courier-Journal*. Who can deny their correctness?

SENATOR MORTON, in a speech, made since the Indiana election, says that the Republicans could not carry New York. Pray then, why is your party boasting that Hayes will be elected?

If the people of this country should fail to elect a President this year, we can see no possible chance for them to do so hereafter. The way out of the darkness is plainly defined, and even the most ignorant voter sees, if he would only pursue that way. Have we not had Radical rule enough already? Do you not see that for the past twelve years our industries have been flagging year by year, our people, as a whole, becoming poorer, and labor less remunerative? The present ruinous tariff laws are eating out our substance and destroying our industries. This comes of Radical legislation. They would now, as if to put the last straw upon the camel's back to break it, resume specie payment the first of January, 1877. Democracy calls for an unconditional repeal of the resumption law. If you would see your country bankrupted, and your people utterly and hopelessly ruined, elect Hayes and you will soon be gratified. On the other hand, if you would see your industries prosper, and labor meet a just and sure reward, elect Tilden and your country is safe. We ask our countrymen to give thought to this subject, and act as become wise freemen.

EVERY town and city of importance should have at least one Park. But the citizens neglect to lay off one until their towns have grown up into cities, and it is then difficult and expensive to purchase the ground. Many towns have beautiful woodlands and streams near them, and these should be purchased and made into a park while the price is low, and before the town swells into a city. We see that Lexington is to have a park, but it will cost her people much more than it would had the ground been laid off many years ago, and it would have been more beautiful. These parks, as all know, furnish a delightful resort to men, women and children, especially during the summer, and nothing adds more to the comfort and desirability of a small or large city or town than a shaded park with all of the many attractions which are made to surround it.

HERE is the way the Radicals propose to reform things within their own party—that is to endorse the acts and doings of their Chief Executive. For instance, Belknap, their Secretary of War, proved to be a rascal. When caught and exposed by the Democratic party, he tendered his resignation, which was accepted by Grant with "great regret." After this, the Republican party endorse Grant, and Governor Hayes also endorses the party that endorsed Grant. Is it not a pretty set to be talking about Reform.

Our country concluded a treaty with Russia last August, by which Russia cedes to the United States the port of Okhotsk and adjacent country in Siberia, in exchange for a number of ironclad vessels and \$12,000,000. The name of the port is pronounced as though there was no letter "t" in it. What do we want with that far off frigid port? Are seals so abundant that we can get enough of them to pay us?

Those prohibitionists, who thought that General Frank Wolford would take the stump for Green Clay Smith, will see now that he is as firm in the support of Tilden and Hendricks as the most zealous Democrat in the State, and wherever his voice is raised, it speaks in triumphant tones for the Democracy. This is no time for foolishness.

GENERAL NEWS.

Senator Morrill, of Maine, will contest the right of Blaine to take a seat in the United States Senate.

The Democrats, of Indiana, had a grand jollification meeting, last Tuesday night. Governor elect Williams was on hand.

THERE is less trouble with the Indians around the Black Hills than ever before and miners are still pouring into Deadwood city and other points.

A NEGRO was caught stealing in Nashville, the other day, and in less than twenty-four hours, he was indicted, tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for ten years.

A FALSE report of the death of Commodore Vanderbilt, had obtained a wide circulation. But the old millionaire writes and says he is better than he has been for years past.

It is likely that the friends and adherents of the late Bishop Cummings, the Reformed Episcopal minister will raise \$100,000 with which they will erect a memorial church in the city of Baltimore.

THERE has been general rejoicing all over the South over the result in Indiana. Oxford, Miss., had a torch-light procession four miles long, seven hundred colored men, in uniform, being an encouraging feature of the occasion. Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, Gen. Featherston and others made speeches.

THE father of Cole Younger and his brother, the noted robber and bandit, now under arrest in Minnesota as one of the Northfield Bank robbers, was a Baptist minister and graduated at Georgetown College. He was a man of learning. Coleman Younger was born in Georgetown where his father married. He and his brother, and all of the James brothers were members of Quantrell's band of desperadoes during the Kansas troubles and the late war.

STATE NEWS.

Louisville will add a half million dollar improvement to her water-works this Fall and Winter.

Hon. Wm. H. Wadsworth declines to accept the Republican nomination for Congress, in the Maysville district.

Moss, the man who shot Major McAfee, at Nicholasville, recently, was tried and acquitted on the grounds of self defense.

The Masonic Grand Lodge, of this State, Grand Master Leathers in the chair, met in annual session, at Louisville, last Tuesday.

Rev. Leonidas Rosser, D. D., of Virginia, and Rev. Dr. Charles Taylor, of the Methodist church, are holding a revival meeting at Maysville, Kentucky.

Under the law of this State, concerning lotteries, Attorney General, Moss, is after the lottery swindlers, of Covington, and it is likely that they will come to grief.

THE Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap Railroad is now said to be a fixed fact, and its early completion is confidently looked for. J. W. Rutherford & Co. have already contracted to build a portion of the road, and will soon begin work.

ALLEN BOWMAN, a dangerous negro confined in the Harrodsburg jail, knocked another prisoner down, and attempted to use his handcuffs upon Officer J. W. Roberts, who shot him, the ball taking effect upon the left cheek and coming out below the right ear. Bowman will recover.—[Observer and Reporter.

THE October sales of Short-horn stock in Kentucky, so far, have not realized the fancy prices which have heretofore been the rule. There has not been so large a number of purchasers from distant States in attendance as was expected, and consequently but few of the animals sold have been purchased to leave the State.—[Lexington Press.

The following officers were elected by the Grand Lodge of Masons for Kentucky, to serve during the ensuing year: L. D. Croninger, Covington, G. P. W.; Larue Thomas, Danville, G. P. W.; Chas. E. Dunn, Louisville, G. T. I.; J. D. Landrum, Mayfield, G. P. C. W.; A. G. Hodges, Louisville, G. Sec.; A. H. Gardner, Louisville, G. Treas.; H. A. M. Henderson, Frankfort, G. Chaplain; Caseday, Louisville, G. C. G.; Joseph T. Davidson, Louisville, G. S.

Louisville had a great fire on Monday night last, which destroyed nearly three-fourths of a million dollars worth of property. The *Courier-Journal* says that the Alexander hotel, corner Main and Eighth streets, was among the buildings burned. All the steam fire engines of the city were brought to bear, but did not still the flames until property of the value above stated, was destroyed. The stores of Harris & Hecht, Davis & Haden, Davis, Traub & Co., Carson & Daniels, were utterly destroyed, and the furniture factory of Simms, Hare's Pump Works, Scott's Elevator, and Geo. Wick's establishment were greatly injured by the fire. The origin of the fire is not known. The houses were four and five stories high. Several of the owners were, fortunately, fully insured, while many had half or three-fourths insurance; some had none or very little. This is the biggest fire Louisville has had for a number of years. One man jumped from the third story of Alexander's hotel and escaped with only a sprained ankle.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

DYE HOUSE
Dresses, shawls, silks and stockings, cleaned or dyed with the latest and best of new dyes.
Garments received from a distance will be returned free of Express freight one way when the charge for dyeing amounts to \$3. Write for Price List.
WM. R. TEAGDALE,
263 Walnut Street, CINCINNATI.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!
Stanford, Kentucky.

R. CARSON, - Prop'r.

I have rented the above well-known Hotel, which is conveniently located, and am prepared to entertain the public in the best style at moderate prices. An excellent bar and stable, well supplied, are attached to the House.
Busses clocked to and from the Depot free of charge.
241-2m

USE WILLIAMS' CHILL PILLS
FOR
FEVER & AGUE AND SUN-PAIN.

WARRANTED TO CURE.

Read Harvey & Co., Harrodsburg, Ky., Wholesale Agents.
207-172

BEATTY-PARLOR ORGANS.
Established in 1856.

Believing it to be BY FAR the best Parlor and Orchestral Organ manufactured, we challenge any Tongue to deny in this organ in conjunction with the Perfect Reed Board produce sweet, pure and powerful tones. Superior cases of new and elegant designs. Minutiae, hairline, teachers, schools, lodges, etc., should send for price lists and discount. Dealers will find it to their advantage to examine this instrument. It has improvements found in no other. Correspondence solicited.
Best offer ever given. Money refunded upon return of organ and freight charges paid by me (unless P. Post) both ways if unsatisfactory, after a test trial of five days. Organ warranted for six years.
Agents wanted. Address

DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey, U. S. A.

JOHN H. CRAIG,

MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

FANCY & STAPLE DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS

AND MILLINERY GOODS.

Miss Lucy Butterfield from Louisville, has returned, and offers to the Trade of Lincoln and adjoining Counties, a large Stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods of her own selection, for the Fall and Winter Trade.

TERMS CASH.

Pay Cash for Goods, and save the Large Profits that you must pay, when buying on time, in order to

COVER INTEREST AND BAD DEBTS.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

N. B. TEVIS

is now receiving the

LARGEST AND MOST

COMPLETE STOCK OF GOODS

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET—CONSISTING OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES, &c.,

GENTS' WHITE SHIRTS A SPECIALTY.

Hosiery, Supenders, Gloves, Underwear, Scarfs,
Neck Ties, Handkerchiefs, Linen and Paper Collars, &c.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes,
Gum Shoes, Gum Overcoats, Umbrellas,
Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &c. &c.

He invites Especial Attention to his Stock of Ladies' Gents' and Misses'

BOOTS AND SHOES.

ALL GOODS DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURERS.

AND WILL BE SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH.

N. B. Tevis' "Cash Clothing House,"

NORTH SIDE MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Ysters this week at Carson & Dodd's.

Oysters on the half shell at Carson & Dodd's.

Laborer lot of Perfumery at Anderson & McRoberts.

Tevis has just received a fine lot of men's underwear.

John H. Craig has a fine lot of men's underwear.

Physicians Prescriptions specialty at Chensault's Drug Store.

Anderson & McRoberts keep the best Apple Vinegar in town.

Anderson & McRoberts have a superior lot of Cigars and Tobacco.

Splendid stock of Lamps for sale cheap, at Anderson & McRoberts.

A complete stock of Window Glass for sale cheap, at Anderson & McRoberts.

No old stock in Dry Goods at John H. Craig's—everything new and stylish.

Anderson & McRoberts have a new supply of Pistols and Pocket Knives.

John H. Craig has just received the second importation of custom-made Clogs this season.

A well assorted lot of Brushes and Combs, and Tooth-brushes at Anderson & McRoberts.

Flavor your Sweet Potato pies with Good Apple Brandy from Anderson & McRoberts.

Sewing Machine Attachments, for all Machines, kept. Needles, four for 25cts, at Anderson & McRoberts.

Paris, New York and Philadelphia feathers and velvets at John H. Craig's millinery establishment.

Mixed Paints, of a superior quality, in genuine holding from a quart to a gallon, at Anderson & McRoberts.

Watchmen and Jewelry of all kinds at 25 per cent less than Cincinnati or Louisville prices, at E. R. Chensault's.

The most complete stock of Drugs ever brought to Stanford, at E. R. Chensault's. Prices as low as the lowest.

The Mountain Herb Syrup, the great unequalled Blood Purifier, is kept and sold by Anderson & McRoberts.

Don't Pay Peddlers twice when you can buy the best spectacle made, at E. R. Chensault's at \$2.50 per pair.

Anderson & McRoberts have a large and complete stock of Books for the Common School, at publisher's prices.

The ladies of Central Kentucky are invited to see the latest New York styles in millinery goods at John H. Craig's.

The ladies go to John H. Craig's fashionable dry goods and millinery establishment, when they want stylish goods.

Hay! Hay!! Hay!!!—I have for sale many tons of Timothy Hay pressed—price to correspond with the crop. J. B. HAY.

Go to E. R. Chensault's for your School Books. The largest and most complete stock ever brought to Stanford, at publisher's prices.

If you want to see a fashionable Broadway (New York) stock, call at John H. Craig's, and see the novelties and the great rush of people.

Grand opening of New York Millinery and Fancy Goods at John H. Craig's establishment, on Friday and Saturday, October 5 and 7.

Pharmaceutical preparations and Physicians' prescriptions carefully and neatly prepared, at all hours, day or night, by Anderson & McRoberts.

Fall and Winter Clothing—Get S. N. Matheny to make your Fall and Winter Clothing. He has decided the finest stock of goods ever brought to this market. Remember that he makes his clothes to fit perfectly.

New recommendations, freighted with praise and entire satisfaction, are constantly being tendered to Daniel F. Beatty, Esq., proprietor and manufacturer of instruments of rare merit, known as the Beatty Piano, and Beatty's Golden Tongue Organs. Advertisement elsewhere.

Public Sale—I will sell at public outcry, on Friday, the 27th of October, at my residence, in the suburbs of Stanford, Household and Kitchen Furniture, a two-horse wagon, and some home stock, and a good Milk Cow. Terms given on day of sale. P. F. HAYS.

S. N. Matheny, the best Tailor in Central Kentucky, has received a very large and well assorted stock of Fall and Winter Clothing, consisting of French and English Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Diagonals and Scotch Suitings, &c. He cuts Clothing in the latest styles, and guarantees a perfect fit.

Sale of Personalty—I will offer for sale, at public outcry, to the highest bidder, at my farm, one and a quarter miles from Stanford, or the Hustonville pike, on Thursday, October 26th, 1876, the following property: Household and Kitchen Furniture, including a No. 1 Cooking Stove, one spring wagon, one buggy, one two-horse wagon, nearly new, Farming Utensils, three No. 1 Milk Cows. About one hundred Shocks of Corn; and two young Mares, and a suckling Colt, and two yearling Colts. Terms made known on day of sale. J. H. ROUR.

Go to Bohon & Stage's for Pure Drugs, Patent Medicines, best Whiskies, Brandy and Wines for medicinal uses, Miscellaneous and School Books, Stationery of all varieties, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Guns and Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Shot, Caps, Fishing Tackle, finest Cheating and Smuggling Tobacco, Cigars, Laundry Soap, &c. Prescriptions carefully filled at any hour, day or night.

Wonderful Success—It is reported that Boscawen's German Syrup has, since its introduction in the United States, reached the immense sale of 40,000 doses per year. Over 6,000 Druggists have ordered this medicine direct from the Factory, at Woodbury, N. J., and not one has reported a single failure, but every lot of it has its astonishing success in curing severe Coughs, Colds settled on the Breast, Consumption, or any disease of Throat and Lungs. We advise any person that has any predisposition to weak Lungs, to go to the Druggists, Bohon & Stage, and get this Medicine, or inquire about it. Regularly 75 cents; Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Two doses will relieve any case. Don't neglect your cough.

Mr. Daniel F. Beatty, manufacturer and proprietor of the Beatty Piano and Beatty's celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organs, Washington, N. J., is certainly a very reasonable and generous man to transact business with. He makes this very fair proposition to any who may favor him with an order, as follows: "If the instrument does not prove satisfactory after a test trial of five days after receiving it, the purchase money will be refunded upon the return of the instrument, and he will pay freight charges both ways." This is certainly an exceedingly generous, and safe manner, in which to transact business with him. He warrants his instruments for six years. See his advertisement.

JOHN H. CRAIG offers to the trade 30,000 dollars worth of New and Elegant Dry Goods. No old stock on hand.

If you want a Suit made in the latest Parisian Style, call on Miss Belle Houghs, at John H. Craig's Dress Making establishment.

Anderson & McRoberts have the cheapest stock of Note Paper, Letter Paper, Legal Paper, and Envelopes ever brought to Stanford.

Miss Belle Houghs, from Danville, invites the ladies, of Central Kentucky, to call and see her at John H. Craig's Dress Making Rooms.

Guns and Pistols made and repaired by W. R. McCall, near Turnersville. Orders left with Bohon & Stage will receive prompt attention.

Miss Belle Houghs, from Danville, will open, on Monday, Oct. 23rd, the Dress Making Rooms of John H. Craig, a first-class establishment.

Miss Belle Houghs, from Danville, solicits a call, when you want a Stylish Dress cut and made, at the Dress Making Rooms of John H. Craig.

There is one thing that the people of Stanford and vicinity must learn, and it is this: Smith & Miller always keep a splendid selection of Groceries, and sell them at the very lowest figures. It is worth the while to call on them.

Public Sale of Land—We will offer for sale, to the highest bidder, on County Court Day, at Lancaster, Garrard County, Ky., 150 acres, more or less, known as the Jackson Place. This place is well watered and fenced, and has on it, a good house. Terms made known on day of sale. K. B. & J. E. PORTMAN.

Rev. J. L. Bruce, of Danville, will preach in the Baptist Church, at this place, next Sunday, at 11 o'clock, a. m.

The weather has been unusually cold for the season, ice being for nearly every night to the thickness of a window glass for the past ten nights.

Don't forget that Gen. John S. Williams, Democratic elector for the State at Large, will address our people here, Wednesday next, the 26th day of this month. Let him have an overflowing house.

I have several fine Red Berkshire pigs for sale, at a reasonable price. These hogs are known to be the best variety, as they fatten early, and are very thrifty. J. B. OWENS.

A number of cases on the Law and Equity Docket of the present Circuit Court, will, by consent, be transferred to the Common Pleas Court, which will hold its first term here on the 1st Monday in January, next.

Cupid is still at his old game in this section. Before long a prominent citizen of "these parts," will lead to the bridal altar one of our most charming Lincoln County ladies. It is said that the match will be a matchable one. More anon.

We learn that quite a large number of cases of scarlet fever have been in the region of country between Hustonville and Milledgeville in this county. There have been four or five deaths. No new cases have appeared for ten days or two weeks.

We had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. J. A. Boyle, of Hustonville, in town, a few days ago. He has been absent from home for some weeks, and this accounts for the fact that we have had no letter from Belfast, for sometime, until this week.

Mr. E. BURN, formerly a farmer of this county, but now living in the county of Clark, raised a fine crop of corn this year. He shucked two shocks, made of 16 hills square each, and from the two got five barrels of corn. Can anybody come up to it?

The voters of this district must bear in mind that those who live south of Main street and the Hustonville and Crab Orchard roads must vote at the new precinct in the lower end of town, and those who live north of those lines must vote at the court-house.

We noticed a number of gentlemen in town this week, with neat and handsome suits on, and learned from them that they were purchased at Hayden Brothers. The gentlemen remarked that so long as they could buy as good and cheap clothes as they were, they would never buy the goods and have them cut and made at home.

There is a considerable inclination upon the part of both white and black married people, to obtain from our courts a judgment decreeing to a woman a right to trade, etc., as a single woman of age. There have been several cases of the kind, at our present term of the Circuit Court. The law is a good one, and parties do right, in many cases, to avail themselves of it.

Col. T. P. Hill, of this place, has received several telegrams from prominent persons in Indiana, requesting him to come over there and address the people at a number of places. He has signified his willingness to do so, and will, immediately after our court, go over there and remain a week or two. We have heard of other Kentuckians who have been invited and will speak there.

From the number and size of the bundles we saw come out of the great store house of Hayden Brothers, this week, one would be led to think that they had either had an auction and sold out, or that their stock was much diminished. Not either, however, for, as far as anything in their line is concerned, they are as well supplied as ever.

A Good Speech—Mr. John D. Fogle, a young man from Lebanon, and an assistant elector for the State at Large, spoke here last Tuesday evening, after a brief notice, to a fair audience. The speech was a good one, and showed Mr. Fogle to be well posted on the great question of the day. He spoke earnestly and to the point, and made a good impression upon his audience. Such speeches always enlighten the masses, and should be delivered in every part of the State.

We desired to purchase some gentlemen's underwear, the other day, and stepped into the store of Hayden Brothers, and asked them if they had any cheap undershirts. They replied yes, and took from the shelf a box of them, and asked us to price them. We said 90 cents, and were much surprised to hear them say they only asked 50 cents for them. They are neatly bound, and have a very attractive appearance, at that cost a dollar. Their stock, of them is large, as well as their drawers.

T. P. Hill, Esq., will address the people of Lincoln county, at Wayneburg, on Saturday, the 28th of this month. Hour 8, speaking, 1 o'clock p. m. Let the people of all parties turn out, and give him a large audience. The true principles of Democracy will be thoroughly discussed.

There is a decision now on file in the United States Court for the district of New York, which has a local interest to all of our distillers of brandy and whiskey. That decision is that the Government can collect on the amount of the capacity of the distillery and not on its actual production only. Therefore if a distillery has a capacity of two barrels a day, and there is only one barrel made, the distiller must pay for two. Our distillers would do well to be on their guard.

We have a word to say to the Democracy of this county. Have you a chairman and committee in each precinct of your county? If so, are they at work for Tilden, endricks, Durham and Reform? If not, there should be a committee and chairman in each precinct. By organizing so, more effective work can be done, and each voter brought out to the polls. The Democrat who is not, at this time, doing all within his power to secure success in the coming election, does not deserve the glorious name. This is no time to be resting on your oars. We have seen the light at last, after the darkness of Radical rule, in the splendid triumph we achieved in Indiana and West Virginia, and the cutting down of Republican majorities in Ohio from 25,000 to about 6,000 or 7,000. The people in those States made a gallant fight for Reform, and won a glorious victory with all its attendant evils, with a vote which cannot be misunderstood. As those States, then, set you an example for good, it is your duty, Democrats to follow it. Because our majority in the State election is 40,000, that is no reason why you should rest easily and say, "it will all come out right anyway." Remember that we have a close race for Congress, and our majority has been nothing to boast of heretofore. See to it, then, that you are organized in every precinct. Work while you have a chance to elect a President, and the majority of old Lincoln for Tilden as President, and Durham for Congress, will run up largely over a 1,000. We write in all sincerity because our whole heart is inclined to do everything possible to defeat the wicked, and place our country on the highway to Reform. After the close of the polls we trust that Lincoln county will be found and known as the banner county of the 8th district.

Lincoln County News.

Hustonville.

Having been absent during the last three weeks, I have not been able to give you the usual note of passing events. None of these have been very startling in their character.

Our little flurry of war seems to have entirely subsided. The wounded are convalescent, and the other belligerents have not been identified.

We have had our excitement over election returns, and added our shouts to the acclamations that hailed the victory in Indiana.

Death has visited us, and done his fearful work, making good hearts to bleed over blighted hopes and buried affections.

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DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Build by Campbell & Miller.

Market Changes.

Special bargains offered in Willow hampers for soiled clothes.

A nice Tea Canister and one pound of prime Green Tea, for one dollar.

We want a few thousand pounds of good flour at \$2 50 in trade.

Remember our superb sprouting hoe at one dollar.

Fancy Groceries.

We take special care to keep our stock of Fancy Groceries complete and fresh.

Fresh pickles, chow-chow, mustard, salad dressing, celery salt, flavoring extracts, acids, spices, raisins, currants, citron, etc., sold at regular grocery margins.

FRESH Baker's Chocolate, Cox's Gelatine, Royal Dessicated Coconut, Durkee's Salad Dressing, Oswego Corn Starch, National A. Cream Tartar, Lemon Sugar, etc., received latest.

Hardware.

The attention of blacksmiths is called to our new horse nail, the STOEK. Price per box, \$4 50. It is a perfect nail, and of uniform size.

A new stock of cutting boxes and corn shellers, a forced at reduced prices.

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J. S. Murphy sold to Lewis Jones, 31 head of cattle, at 44 cents per pound. These bullocks were fine and very fat. They are to be delivered the 1st of next month.

One day out on Hall's Gap in this county has made three barrels of apple butter and expects to make more. This is the largest quantity of apple butter we ever heard of one family making in a single season.

A bunch of sheep, 50 in number, was in town last Tuesday, nearly all of which were ewes. The owner refused \$2 50 per head for the females, but offered to take that price per head for the lot. A sale was not effected, and the drover went on.

J. B. OWENS has an Alderly Bull which he will "farm out" at \$5 per cow, and allow the farmer to breed to him until his cow has a calf. His animal is thoroughly bred, and this breed is known as the best milk and butter stock in the world. The animal is convenient to town.

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About 500 head of mules, a few of which (work mules), sold for \$30 to \$125. Large crowd in attendance, but bidding not as lively as heretofore. Prices not sustained.

Lincoln County News.

Hustonville.

Having been absent during the last three weeks, I have not been able to give you the usual note of passing events. None of these have been very startling in their character.

Our little flurry of war seems to have entirely subsided. The wounded are convalescent, and the other belligerents have not been identified.

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The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, October 20, 1878.

A BEAUTIFUL GHOST.

During nearly a century previous to 1878, the premises on Esplanade, near Dargen's Street, New Orleans, had the unenviable reputation of being haunted. The popularly-believed legend told that the specter which harbored in the ruins of the rambling, old, tumble-down house was the ghost of a lovely Spanish lady, who had been murdered there by her father. The tradition that when Don Isabella was a young Spanish lady, and well known in the province, he paid court to and seduced for the hand of Mademoiselle Lido, the heiress of Count D'Arme. His rival was Monsieur Le Cocq, a popular seign of one of the most prominent families in France. Intense hatred naturally existed between these two representatives of rival nationalities, and consequently when the Frenchman won the lady and was married to her, the feud of race aroused by bitter disappointment became an open vendetta. Hence the principals and their friends were involved in numerous affrays, and the encounters between the partisans were as vindictive as those recorded of the Montagues and Capulets.

Don Isabella was married to a charming lady, whom he installed as queen of his then famous chateau, the mansion of whose ruins this record is made. To them a daughter was born, who, as she grew to womanhood, became notable for her exquisite and rare type of beauty and elegant accomplishments. She was the acknowledged belle of the old aristocratic circle of Spanish society, which was then famous in Europe as well as in the provinces for its brilliancy, chivalry, wealth, and antiquity of descent. The division line was drawn very distinctly between this class and the proud French patricians, who held princely estates on the golden coast, and controlled immense revenues from the commerce of the province. Hence these state causes of jealousy, combined with hereditary national hatred and personal prejudices, served to embitter the rivals for domination and leadership in society. But the feuds of the old citizens were insufficient to prevent the young people from mingling at public and private entertainments. The families Isabella and D'Arme maintained their hostility so faithfully that their children seldom met, and whenever chance cast the old people together there was no recognition except by the most frigid politeness and the fewest possible words that the courtesies of the period required of fashionable guests.

Capricious fate brought about an interview between young Le Cocq and Senorita Isabella, during which they became much enamored, and, with love and youth inspiring them, they bade defiance and farewell to all the time-honored traditions of their family differences and quarrels. This conduct aroused the pride and ire of their parents, and especially maddened the old Spaniard. In the most furious and insane manner he threatened to inflict the direst vengeance on his daughter unless she ceased to hold communication with her lover. He incarcerated her in a cell-like room, which had only one small window, through which a bird could hardly have flown. The door was barred and guarded so closely that he supposed it was impossible for any communication to occur between her and the outside world except by treachery on the part of the domestics of his household.

Her desire to escape from the rigorous, semi-barbarous punishment and surveillance to which she was subjected caused her to consent to renounce her love. With unceremonious faith in her professions of penitence the door was opened and she was allowed to leave her cell. In accordance with the suspicion characteristic of his race, he exercised the utmost vigilance to prevent intercourse and correspondence between her and Monsieur Le Cocq.

At this period the mother of Senorita Isabella, died, which circumstance, requiring a year of mourning and retirement from society, gave the don a special excuse in the practice of the most rigid observances usual to such a period to keep his daughter away from all possible chance of intriguing against his commands. The ascetic old man became so moody and his dark visage so repulsive to look upon that his neighbors avoided him. His anger burst out into uncontrolled rage on many occasions, and seemed so like the ravings of a maniac, that people feared to visit him. So all geniality, kindness, and hospitality departed from his house, and a plague seemed to have fallen on the once bright and sunny place. Once its halls and beautiful rooms gleamed with blazing lights and were garbed with the presence of brilliant cavaliers and handsome ladies, who would have graced any court. Now those who passed the silent chateau, if they saw one light gleaming from the small window of the roomy vigils they felt as if an evil eye looked out upon them, and hastened away with a sense of awe and undelivered fear hurrying their footsteps.

The light of reason and love had gone from that terrible old man's mind and heart forever, yet his affection for

and persecution of his daughter was a singularly strange mixture of brutality, hatred, doubt, and love. Amid all these changes she clung to him and seemed to obey his behests with the most unflinching fidelity. But she was leavened with a moiety of his own proud and unyielding spirit, and so she cherished her love and found means to communicate with and meet the idol of her heart's worship. And thus in their romance of life the old, old story was told again, for love ever mocks at the fetters of conventional rules and remorselessly violates the most solemn vows. A favorite old slave, the most trusted of a numerous retinue of family servants, was a true partisan to her mistress's cause, and, with the wisdom, courage, and duplicity characteristic of her class, she defied all danger, and at the risk of her life served as the medium by which the lovers were enabled to meet and maintain clandestine correspondence.

One night a grand ball was given at the brilliant headquarters of the army, which was stationed in the city. On these special state occasions nothing but a most reasonable excuse would be accepted for the absence of invited guests. The comparative isolation of Don Isabella's chateau, being nearly three miles from the ramparts and headquarters of the then fortified city, caused him to hope that his family would escape the courtesy of invitations. But the misfortune came, and, supposing that he had taken the most perfect precautions usual to the perfect duenna system of chaperoning and espionage, he placed his daughter in charge of trusted friends. His hope too was that she had renounced her passion, though her silent and sad manner did not argue well for the belief; and so his heart mingled him as he wistfully and with varied emotions looked after her long after she had disappeared on her way to the city.

On this occasion she was one of the most magnificent of all the host of stately and beautiful ladies who graced the party with their presence. Sparkling like her own rare and priceless family jewels, she was indescribably radiant, and her splendid wit shone like a star—the most brilliant gem in her sky. The homage of nobles, titled gentlemen, great men, and the admiration of her own sex did honor to this incarnation and revelation of loveliness. But pre-eminent were the presence and attentions of the man whom she had chosen to love, and hence happiness pervaded her heart, as she fondly lingered through the delicious hours late into the night, with the shadowing presence of Monsieur Le Cocq ever hovering about her.

As the rosy light of dawn was mingling its soft crimson with the silvery beams of the setting moon, these lovers drove to the gate whence a broad roadway led to the grand portico on the south side of the mansion. Lingering and with fondest vows they finally separated, and hurrying away from the musical voice which had detained her too long, she sped on her way beneath the old oaks, which spread their heavy arms and thick, umbrageous arches overhead. At the stairway she turned and looked long and fondly down the dim vista, hoping to see by the light of the soft gray-veiled moon the form of her lover hovering somewhere near her. With a sigh of regret and relief, she sprang upon the porch and into the arms of her father. A gleam of light glittered over her, an echo blow, a dull, thick thud, a light scream, as of intense agony, a gurgling noise, a horrible curse shocked the night air, and in a quivering heap her body fell heavily on the sodden floor. The ruthless old man stood over her prostrate body, sullen and vengeful. A long Spanish knife was in his tightly-cleaved hand. Blood ran and dripped from the horrid blade. A crimson flood was welling out from the fair bosom of the young lady. Her father had stabbed her through the heart.

A judicial investigation was made into the circumstances of the pitiless murder, but Don Isabella never had a trial at law. He became a raving maniac. His keepers placed him in the cell-like room, in which he had imprisoned his daughter, and from thence, often during the day and weary watches of the night, his frantic shrieks and mad cries of remorse, exultation, curses, and pitiful prayers rang out in startling tones. The mold of decay and desolation, with all their attendant gloom, fell on the accused place. The very air in the vicinity seemed to be tainted with horrors, and people avoided it as if the pestilence had stricken the neighborhood.

Death came happily to the relief of the wretched maniac; and after the heirs had stripped the premises of everything of value, the chateau was abandoned to the habitation of bats, owls, and the vermin which infest ruins. After awhile a spirited, gay family of elegant and popular people, took possession, and after making material modern additions to the quaint old place, they opened a hospitable house and welcomed the brilliant society that thronged to their grand levees. During many years this era of music and social revelry was maintained with all the lavish extravagance incident to the old feudal life then prevailing in the province. In those gallant times, beautiful women and courtly cavaliers flashed like meteors through the bright halls and gardens of that favorite resort, and played all

the motley characters incident to the face of fashionable life.

But amid all this revelry and glittering splendor, there was always a skeleton at the feast. An indefinable dread of an struck a chill to the hearts of the bravest men, as well as the most frivolous and timid who gathered in that charming retreat. The spell of superstition was on the place, and fear was in the hearts of visitors. Often the ladies, when alone in the precincts of the enchanting grounds, covered and huddled together, easily alarmed at any sound that seemed to be supernatural, though it was only the whisperings of the zephyrs that blew soft perfumes over their brows. The disembodied spirit which was said to hold dominion there would not down at the bidding of music and gaiety, nor be quenched by bright and flashing lights, nor stilled by the sneering laugh of unbelief. It was said that a ghost walked thereabouts in the midnight hours, and especially when the moon shone softly over the tangled vines and through the leaves of the bearded trees. Brave men and gentle women were often startled by the oches of their own voices mocking the utterance which came only from their lips. And they fled from the hideous shapes of their own harmless shadows, which fell specter like on the moon light earth and blended with the lights and shades of pictures traced on the walks beneath the oaks. The ghosts of the place were memory bringing to imagination the apparition of her, the tale or whose sad fate tradition kept green and fresh in the hearts of those who wandered amid the scenes where the foul and terrible tragedy had been enacted.

Marriages, deaths, departures, the growing untenable condition of the house, and other causes of change, and especially the startling noises and luminous exhalations which often arose from the moist grounds thereabouts and took dreadful shapes which corroborated the wildest stories that the imagination had ever conjured up, at last caused the abandonment of the old mansion. Soon the effects of neglect were made visible in the evidence of decay and dilapidation which fell on the tottering walls, and made the ruins uninhabitable. Tangled briars, weeds, flowers and grass grew in wild luxuriance, and mingled their stems, thorns, and tendrils in inextricable confusion with branches, leaves, and mosses of the trees. The dense shades and damp, dark recesses served to shelter noxious reptiles and vermin, which swarmed within the precincts. Around the premises improvements were extensively made; and that quarter of the city, in the loveliest portion of the Old Third District, became singularly beautiful and attractive, and famous for its elegant society, palatial homes, luxuriant gardens, tropical flowers, and lowly depths or cool forest shades. But the haunted house remained as a blot on the fair face of the suburb.

In 1866 the old ruins were brought prominently into notice by a revival of the old legend that attached to the place. The story commonly repeated stated that often, though at irregular intervals, there appeared about the premises the form of a beautiful lady who had golden hair, a glittering star of jewels set in her forehead, and rare gems on her fingers. Her countenance was described as being of a celestial character, glowing with supernatural light, illumined by eyes which sparkled with tears; her face was like an angel's, and her robes of snowy whiteness. The story gathered details as it rolled along the highway of gossip, and when it was told to me, among the numerous strange embellishments was one which stated that often the ghost sang in low but sweet and delicate strains. All this served to make people avoid passing in close proximity to the place, and hence not only superstitious negroes, but also many intelligent white people fled from the hollow echoes of their own footfalls and at glimpses of the moon's reflection through crevices of the crumbling walls and windows out of which had come gleamed lights from a thousand brilliant wax bougies.

My curiosity having been aroused, I determined to watch the weird place, and discover, if possible, what the ghost would do if brought into familiar contact with a living body. So it became my habit to wander down there often in the evening, and linger in these solitudes. Amid this desolation there came to me a pleasure that was charming beyond all description. That spirit of witchery seemed to fall on me when I entered this land of delusion, and hence it became a real luxury to enjoy the isolation found in this secluded retreat. The ghostly trees and I became friends. I often pulled and toyed familiar with the long, gray moss-beards of those ancient Druids of the forest, conscious that they accepted my caresses in the gentle spirit in which the act was done. We became loving associates, and conversed together, and many pleasant legends of the olden time were whispered into my listening, eager heart by those Fauns and Satyrs who haunted the wild-wood.

The reeds piped strange tales in every song they breathed to me. The blades of grass quivered in every harp-like tone which they gave to the night wind, and blended poetry and song into his torial traditions, which charmed and interested me. Pan whistled from the guarded knobs and bark of ancient

trees, and Puck, and Ariel, and Titania, and all their ethereal messengers of fairy-land, told me beautiful and pleasing versions of the legends and mysterious secrets of this haunted house. And there was no fear in me as I thus lovingly lingered among the genii which harbored among the recesses in that scene of desolation.

One memorable evening, when the moon was rising, and with a full, round face shedding its laughing light over the beautiful earth, I wandered to my favorite haunt and lingered awhile among my pet flowers, fondly caressing and conversing with them as was my habit. While in a musing mood an old and rickety but familiar oaken bench invited to sprawl lazily along its length, and while indulging in one of those delicious reveries that are born only in the evening air, sleep overcame me.

After awhile there came to my senses a feeling that something extraordinary was occurring. Half conscious and slowly waking, I heard the sweet strains of a song falling faintly away in mellow tones into the recesses of the arbors and trees. The music seemed to be all around me. It came rustling and sighing, sometimes moaning, then as if a weird laugh mingled its harsh discord with the heavenly sounds. Suddenly the pattering of many feet played tattoo and swift retreat, as a gentle melody, like the utterances of a voice more than human, was borne to my ears. Bewildered, I eagerly looked in the direction of the singer, and was startled at seeing the beautiful ghost of which the legend had told so many strange and wonderful stories. There was the lithe, graceful, and willowy form, clad in white robes, and on the left breast was a bloody wound like a red cross. Her hair was soft and blonde; her brow was bound with a fillet, clasped with a glittering star that gleamed like a diamond; her hands were covered with gems that sparkled like beads of dew, while she gathered delicate blossoms from the luxuriant wild growth, which seemed to spring to meet her magical touch. Again that song came, borne on the midnight air, uttering familiar words: "Blue is the flower called the forget-me-not," being the second verse of the German song, "How can I leave thee?"

I have always believed that "Forever round us, though unseen, The dear, lamented angel tread; The whole, the boundless universe, Is life in death!"

Yet I was a little bewildered for a moment, and wondered how singularly strange it was that the ghost of a Spanish lady, who had been dead during nearly a century, could have learned this modern song in that far away land of the sea and blessed, and sing it so sweetly here in pure German. Then my senses became thoroughly aroused to an appreciation of the situation. Without disturbing the apparition I quietly went to a room in the house where an old Irishwoman and her blind son had lived a long time. Having awaked and showed her the ghostly vision, she was startled for a moment and then said, "Sure as I never did bother about ghosts at all; now I don't believe that any such a craythur wanders round the old shanty. An' sure, that's a slape-walker, an' she's a Dutch girl that lives about a square away beyond Pat Doonan's grocery, and she comes here often in the day for flowers, an' that's her no, an' she's at it in her shape, if me eyes don't deceive me. May the howly Virgin save her from harum, the poor child!"

The old woman was correct in her estimate of the situation. We then took the woman in custody, gently awakened her, and kindly assuring her of our friendly intentions, went with her home, where her parents were very much surprised and indignant at finding her in such a plight. She had not been suspected of this habit, and hence their astonishment at discovering their loved and beautiful daughter was the ghost of the famous haunted house. After informing them that if they would let her feet together every night, and especially during the seasons of moonlight, they would prevent her from getting out of bed, and consequently break her of the uncomfortable habit of walking in her sleep, we retired. About three years later, the lady informed me she had followed my directions and was completely cured. She is married and the happy mother of a lovely little miniature of herself. Her thanks, however, only partially repaid me for the loss of pleasure that had occurred by the unraveling of the mystery.

The other strange sounds which helped give reputation to the ruins were caused by numerous rats which swarmed there. The explanation of the "Eolian strains" that were often heard sighing on the night air is in the fact that they were caused by the wind blowing through the long shreds and strings of moss, which reached from the branches, and were fastened to briars and undergrowth. These strands were of different degrees of dryness and tenuity, and hence, when touched by the magical fingers of that weird musician, the wind, they gave out more than monotonous, often harmonious chords.

This was a prosaic ending to the dear legend which had been cherished and believed through nearly a century. My regret and sorrow were really sincere; in fact I felt as if injury had occurred to me when the ghost proved to be only a beautiful sonnam-bulst German girl. L. E. SAGLE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIMMONS'

LIVER DISEASE AND its various complications, such as Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Jaundice, Pain in the shoulders, Cough, Diarrhoea, Sour Stomach, flatulence in the stomach, bilious attacks, migration of the liver, depression of spirits or the blues, and a hundred other symptoms, are cured by the use of **SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**. It is a powerful purgative, and is the best remedy for all these ailments. It is a pleasant and palatable compound, and does not injure the system in any way. It is a household remedy, and is sold in all drug stores. Price, 25 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. **Prepared by J. H. Zella & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.**

LIVER

Extract of a letter from Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, dated March 5, 1872: "I occasionally use, when my condition requires it, Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator, with good effect. It is mild, and suits me better than more active remedies."

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REGULATOR

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MRS. M. E. DAVIES.

MILLINER & MANTUA-MAKER

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NEW FALL MILLINERY.

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BEATTYPIANO!

Grand Square and Upright.

From Haffa Snyder, of firm of Snyder & Henderson, Carriage Manufacturers, of the City of Lexington, Kentucky.

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From Haffa Snyder, of firm of Snyder & Henderson, Carriage Manufacturers, of the City of Lexington, Kentucky.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

UPHOLSTERER

CABINET MAKER.

The undersigned is prepared to do all kinds of Cabinet work, Upholstering, &c., such as:

REPAIRING SOFAS, LOUNGES, SOFA CHAIRS, SPRING MATTRESSES, &c., &c.

I will also furnish

NEW ARTICLES OF THE KIND

on order. I will also make Coffins to order, at the most approved style, and at reasonable rates. Looking Glasses and Picture Frames made on application. Shop on Main Street, at the Carriage Factory of D. F. Bush.

STANFORD & SOMERSET STAGES.

On and after the 1st of July next I will have control of and run both lines of Coaches between Stanford and Somerset. Thankful for past liberal Patronage, I hope to receive it again in the future. Comfortable Coaches, good horses, and careful drivers have been provided.

WHEAT & CHESNEY.

[Successors to Terry, Wheat & Chesney.]

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Agents for Franklin Cotton Mills.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A FARM & HOME

OF YOUR OWN.

Now is the time to secure it.

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CONDENSED TIME.

Louisville & Great Southern RAILROAD LINE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

May 14, 1878.

Leave Louisville 10:00 A. M.

Arrive Lexington 12:00 P. M.

Arrive Richmond 2:00 P. M.

Arrive Raleigh 4:00 P. M.

Arrive Norfolk 6:00 P. M.

Arrive Washington 8:00 P. M.

Arrive New York 10:00 P. M.

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